

able beauty of forest and field, the blending of all colors in the bridal robes of nature, living green radiant with coronets of flowers, rainbow in the sky, soft sheen of the vernal day a halo of supernal glory upon the virgin brow of earth. Yet in a single night cometh the withering frost, the fading leaf, the dying summer, the dead winter world.

Morning and evening he paints on the horizon such pictures as no artist ever caught on his feeble brush, but in a moment the gorgeous panorama pales in the gathering gloom. Then in another moment comes forth that resplendent dome of the universe, high arched above is in glorious sublimity, shining with a million suns, and suggesting, in its vast expanse, the endless flight of an archangel, the swift winging of a thought, until flashing angel and flying thought are baffled by the limitless journey of the unending skies. Yet in an hour this mighty vision is swept away as if it was but the plaything of an impatient child.

Shall we be blind and deaf that in all this we can not see the light of a great truth, or hear the voice of a tender consolation? The vision of beauty and loveliness in the child which yesterday you laid in the grave, think you that he who created it can not and will not clothe it again with a fadeless beauty?

That great God, whose unvarying law thru-out all his universe is, that nothing is lost, nothing wasted, is he reckless alone of the flower of beauty that adorns the mightiest miracle of his hands, the grandest conception of his soul, which stand in his own likeness and in his own image?

Think you that the divine beauty of mind and spirit perishes when the eye grows dim?

Is the miracle of the world's to-morrow more difficult to believe, or less sure, than the miracle of the world's to day?

Can the grave hold aught of beauty, or of life?

Is death more the harvest of a perished world than the pledge of a resurrected one?

Behold, the winter is not so much the grave of the spring-time past as it is the laboratory of a spring time coming.

The night may enshroud a dying day, but even in the midst of its thick darkness the swift stars are sure pledges of the rising dawn and the new day.

Nothing is lost, nothing wasted, in God's universe. Beautiful is the work of his hands, and every vision of beauty abides before him forever. Our loved ones are hid for a time from our eyes only, not from God's.

"For all live unto him."

Of all that are his, there are no dead, nothing perished, nothing wasted, nothing lost.

### The Week of Prayer

William E. Dodge, President of the Evangelical Alliance, has issued the invitation for the observance of the Week of Prayer to begin January 5, 1902 and close January 12, the Sundays to be given to appropriate sermons. Subjects for evening services and meditation with scripture references will be found on page 15 of this issue of the EVANGELIST. Following is the address to the different evangelical churches:

Brethren in Christ: By action of all the Evangelical

Alliances of the world, the week from January 5th to January 12th, 1902, is suggested as a special *Week of United Prayer*. For more than half a century, such union of praying hearts, at the opening of the year, has been marked by gracious answers from above. The consciousness of the essential unity of all believers in Christ, faith in believing supplication, the need of a practical purifying of both heart and life, the grateful recognition of personal Christian duty, the sense that the supreme mission of the church is to help in saving the lost, together with a realization of the brotherhood of man, have been quickened by the earnest observance of the Week of Prayer. Therefore the suggestion is now renewed.

Let us, as still in the shadow of a great national affliction, and in the reawakened feeling of dependence on God, which that affliction brought, plead for our nation, in the brotherhood of nations. Let us pray for a National Awakening which shall turn all hearts from unbelief, and all lives from wrong-doing. Let us heartily own our personal opportunity and responsibility for making our land Immanuel's land, and thus far aiding in evangelizing the world. Let us consistently invoke the fullness of the divine blessing on Missions both home and foreign. Let us, in union with all believers, pray for that promised working of the Holy Spirit, which shall bring the whole earth to Christ in loyal love.

### The Utilitarian

"So long as there is wood to saw in the world, I need no gymnasium." This answer to an argument for exercise illustrates a philosophy in favor of which much can be said. Since we must have exercise, why not make it serve a double purpose? Instead of foot ball, boat races, dumbbells, let there be wood sawing contests, road making, ditch digging, stump pulling, corn husking, any of a hundred useful occupations which would develop muscle, aid digestion, and at the same time help the world along. What an enormous waste of mental and physical energy would thereby be prevented. And if the sum total of human energy were directed in useful channels, what an acceleration of human progress would result. The utilitarian, the practical man, succeeds in business, in professional life, in politics, in religion, in everything. He understands the adaptation of adequate means to useful ends. He accomplishes things. He "arrives."

### Lubricating Machinery

A story is being published, says the New York Observer, to the effect that a Harvard graduate of last June, on being asked how he was getting along replied: "Oh, things are booming. I don't get any pay yet, but I'm probably the best oiler of machinery in New England." That is not a bad use to which to put education—lubricating the wheels of social life and helping the machinery of church and state to run smoothly and effectively. Whether we speak of literal machinery or indulge in figurative language, the lubricator, or man with the oil can, is an important social factor, and, if faithful to his duties, is worthy of honorable mention.